Journal of Music

Published in

BALTIMORE

by

Madame Le Pelletier

No. 22.

Two numbers of Six pages each, to appear every month.

Subscription Twelve Dollars per annum.

Copy-right secured.

LITTLE WINNY WILKINS

A FAVORITE SONG

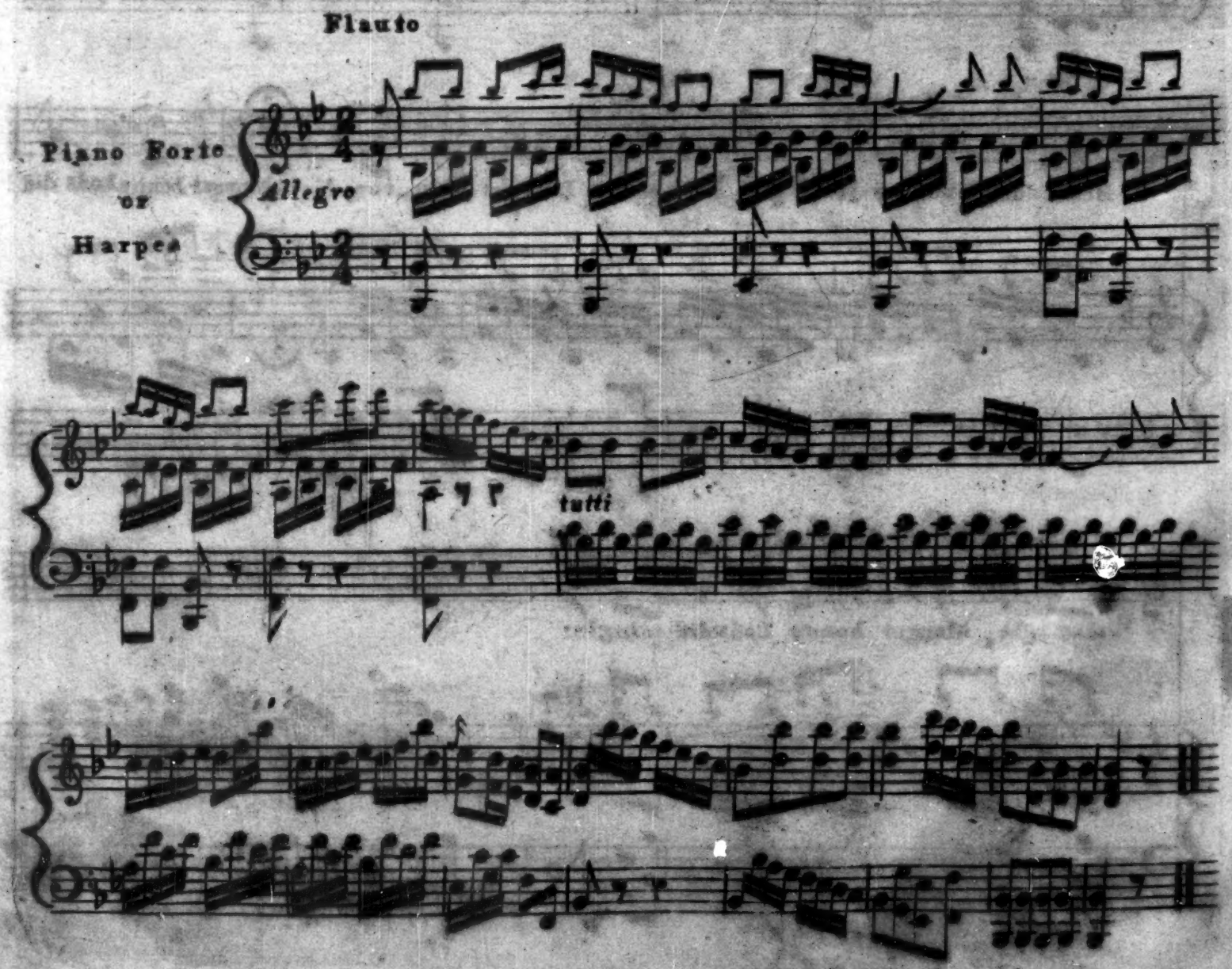
by

Mr Cherry

Composed with an Accompaniment for the Flute & PianoForte or Harpe

by

Mr Whitaker



"Twas Monmouth Fair the Sun shone bright, The Bells did merry jin_gle; And ev'ry Lass on

tip toe light, Mongst bonny Lads did min_gle;

Flauto

The

Bells did mer_ry jin_gle; And ev' ry Lass on tip_toe light, Mongst bonny Lads did

min_gle; Mongst bonny Lads did mingle.

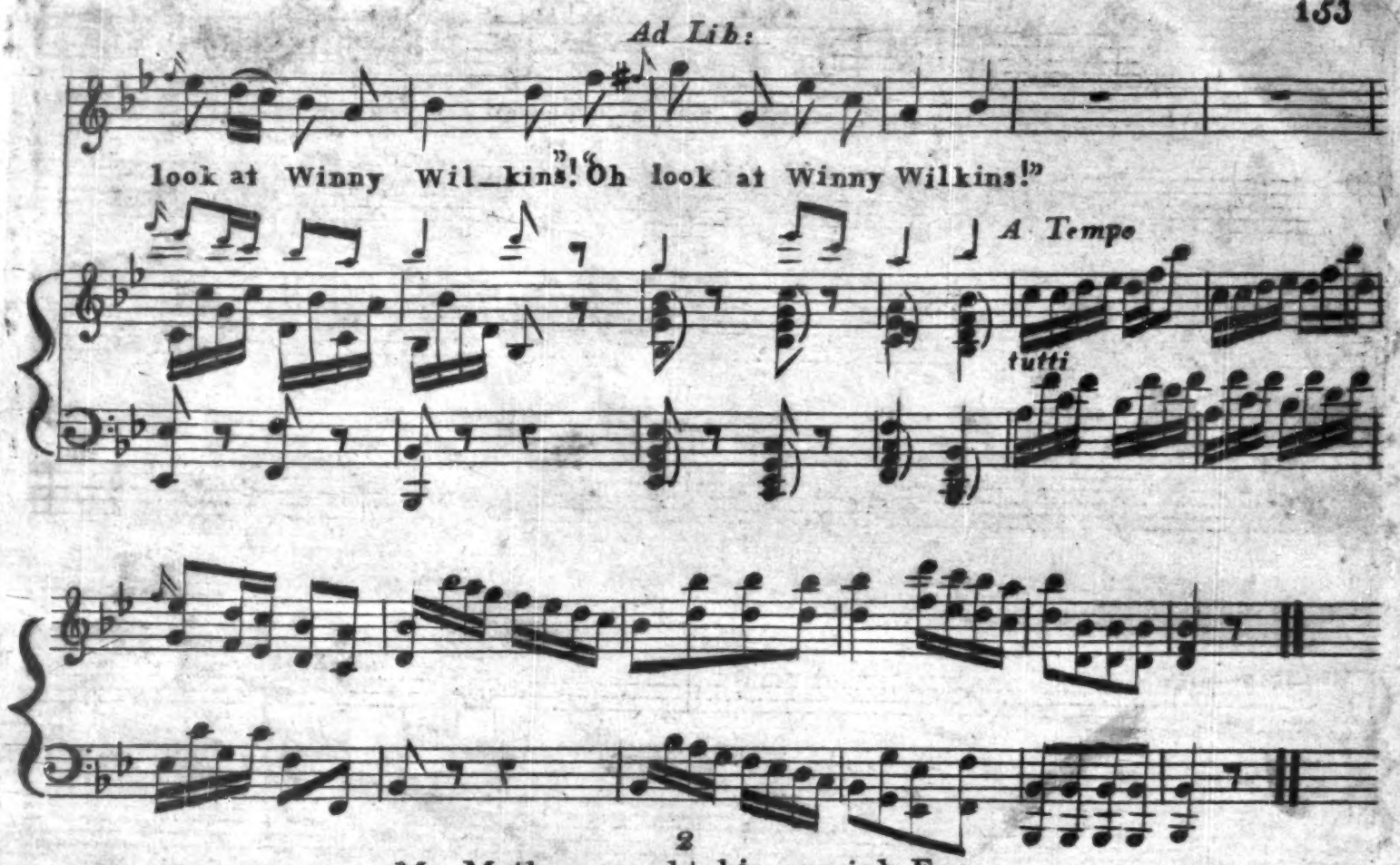
When I, by Mammy's careful Side, First saw my Jemmy Jen _ kins, Who,

when my blushes he es _ pied, Cry'd "Look at Win _ ny Wil _ kins"! Cry'd

Flauto

"Look at Winny Wil _ _ kins!" "Blushing Winny!" "Blue eyd Winny!" "Little Winny

Wil _ kins!" "Oh! look at Win _ ny Wil _ kins! "Oh!



2

My Mother caught his roguish Eye,
And urg'd my Steps to hurry;
I cou'd not pass the Stripling by_
My Heart beat in a flurry!_
"Now prithee haste!" my Mother cried,
"Ne'er heed his Winks or blinkings_"
While Jemmy whisper'd by my Side,
"I love thee Winny Wilkins!"
Blue_ey'd Winny!
Fair_fac'd Winny!
Little Winny Wilkins!
Oh!_look at Winny Wilkins!

3

"I see the Maid"_ quoth Davy Price,
"What means this rout and pother?
"Tho' *Winny* is a Lass so nice,
"I well cou'd love her *Mother*!
My Mammy bridl'd up her Neck,
Her Eyes sent down_cast Winkings,
She vow'd no more my Love to check,
For saucy Jemmy Jenkins!
Elder Winny!
Young sweet Winny!
Lov'd by Price and Jenkins!
Oh!_happy Winny Wilkins!

Complainte de l'aveugle Espagnol

PAROLES de Massiac

MUSIQUE de J.T.

Andante

Je per-

-dis l'epouse fi-del--le qui laissait un fils au berceau quand elle mou-

-rut a'-vec el-le je de-vais descendre au tom-beau ce

fils aussi cher que sa mère gui_de mon baton chan_ce_lant si vous n'a_

_vés pi_tié du pè_re ayés pi_tié de son en_fant si vous n'a_

_vés pi_tié du pè_re ayés pi_tié de son en_fant. S.

2

Bientot ma mourante paupiere,
Loin de mon fils abandonné,
Ira s'ouvrir à la lumière
Dans un séjour plus fortuné.
J'irai sans éffroi sans murmure....
Mais souviens toi Dieu tout puissant
Qu'un Père doit a la nature,
De mourir avant son enfant.

3

Compte peu sur un monda avare
Mon fils quand je ne serai plus,
Il te restera ma guitarre,
Ma patience et mes vertus.
Toi qui fut le dépositaire
De mes soupirs et de mon chant,
O guitarre rappelle un pére
Au souvenir de son enfant.